

needed you more by leslie057

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-23

Updated: 2018-11-23

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:03:30

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,342

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Written based on a prompt from @fallingstar95 on tumblr! Jonathan wakes up to Nancy having a nightmare.

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December. They made it to December. She shattered what was left of the lab and its reputation, and carried a gun on her shoulder, and—for the sake of exigency—pierced Will's skin with a fire iron, and heard Jonathan whimper her name into her hair in a foreign bed for she is not sure how long. Not in that order, of course. It all took up so much of her energy, so much of her strength. But somehow, getting sleep is the hardest thing in the world tonight.

It's the 16th. Her house is empty, just her and him. Her mom is staying over with Holly at her aunt's, Mike is at Lucas's, and her dad is at some work conference thing that she knows nothing about. She never knows anything about his job.

Earlier, when Jonathan had come to be with her, everything was fine. In the warm house they read some of a book for school together, watched TV, and he had even helped her fold laundry. The folding laundry part started well enough, but when she had playfully lain on all the hot clothes from the dryer he had set on her bed, he just decided to lie next to her and kiss her. One thing lead to another, but he was fine with washing the clothes again after.

Now, though, he's not as happy; a minute or so ago, he woke up to her having a nightmare.

She stirs uncomfortably, mumbling something incoherent that he's sure is some type of plead. Weary, he looks over at her bedside table and finds the bright white numbers on her clock. *2:30am*. He wishes he could go ahead and wake her up, but before it has made everything worse. It startles her, she gets more upset, and it takes longer for her to breathe normally again. So he slowly moves closer,

pulling the fleece blanket up to her waist with caution. “Where do I...where’s...I can’t,” she slurs weakly. He plays with the cloth of her shirt’s hem, moving it back and forth between his fingers to give himself something to focus on. Through all her words, English and her own language, he doesn’t close his eyes. He plays with the shirt and looks at shadows on the wall. When she makes a small sound of fear, the need to help her overwhelms him. It’s not on purpose, but he wraps his arm around her waist securely. He is grateful she remains asleep. “I’ve-I...leaving,” murmurs Nancy. She shifts barely in the bed. It’s so strange for him to experience someone so brave in such a state of weakness. Even if it’s not real weakness.

Many words later, her quiet moans begin to fade, and suddenly she’s awake. She inhales sharply, her eyes wet and her mouth dry. Immediately she looks back at him. But as he gets ready to hold her, expecting her to turn and face him, she sits up. “Fuck this,” she curses while resting her sweaty forehead on her hand. He stares at her curly hair, wanting to stroke it or do something to calm her. That’s Nancy—from weak to strong in a split second, not needing his reassurance. He is so in love.

She gets out of the bed and starts pacing a little, her arms crossed as she sniffles. He pushes himself up onto his knees and crawls to the edge, reaches out for her hand to pull her in a hug. He shyly kisses the slightly damp hair near her ear. Before all of this happened with her, he was not what you would call a ‘contact person.’ But he’s getting used to the touching in different scenarios now, how to give and receive. “I’m really sorry,” she says with a rattle in her voice, irritated. He backs away, folds his sleeve over his hand, and uses it to wipe the wetness from her face. “I think I can forgive you,” he settles on saying (teasingly) because he knows she won’t believe him if he tells her she has nothing to be sorry for. But his voice is about as unstable.

“God, this sucks,” she chokes out while climbing reluctantly back into

her place in the bed. She leans against the pillows, assuming a semi-upright position unlike Jonathan who is lying down again, nuzzling the upper part of her side before moving away to give her space. "It's so unfair."

"What is?" he asks, his tone serious.

"Don't you...don't you realize that it's never going to *not* be like this? That I...all of us here...we're always going to have this fear and-and be afraid. There's the feeling something bad will happen. Maybe something bad *is* happening," she rambles worriedly. And honestly, she isn't making very much sense to him but he wants so badly to understand.

"What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of everything we don't know! Isn't that what you're fucking afraid of?" she whispers, not angry, but very panicked. *What is going on with her?* He begins to sit up. "Every time a light goes out, or the house makes a sound, or-" she cuts herself off as he sets his weight on one arm, the collar of his shirt stretching. "I'm sick of not knowing if I'm in danger or not. I'm sick of worrying, but this...it's real, right? This is real, I can't move out of town and there still not be another fucking dimension," she speaks. He can't tell her everything will be okay because she's right, this is their reality.

He thinks he understands where her panic is coming from. Everything that happened the month previous is still on her shoulders. They've known about all the supernatural stuff, so it's not that she's just now processing, it's that she's anticipating another crisis. The first time Will almost died was disturbing, but the second time was worse because it signaled a pattern. Unlike the first, they knew the disaster

would never be over. It wasn't a one-time thing.

He avoided thinking about it all that much, but whatever nightmare she had just had forced her to.

"You don't feel like you're in danger right now, do you?" he questions lowly.

"Well, I mean, maybe not right in this second," she admits, starting to feel embarrassed by her crying.

"And you weren't scared earlier," he establishes, but she isn't reacting to his attempts much. He wishes he could see her better, see her stunning eyes sparkly from tears, but it's dark. Still, his gaze remains fixed on her silhouette. "Nancy, if something..."

She shakes her head to herself.

"*When* something does happen," he says rather emotionlessly so she feels more validated. "We'll live...we'll live, and I don't know what then. But we can't worry all the time."

She takes a deep breath, looking at his silhouette, his outline. "I know, I know," she responds. "Last month, though, I just...that was like a *horror movie*," she continues through a dry laugh. "Thank you for staying with me then."

“I needed to stay.”

“Yeah, well, I needed you to stay.”

“I needed you more,” he says seriously. She reaches for his shoulders and kisses him. He tilts his head up, coaxing her lower lip into his mouth. A fuzzy feeling building in her, she pulls him down as she lies down. She rubs one of her socked feet against his jeans.

“We need to sleep,” he suggests drowsily.

“I can’t sleep.”

“Yes, you can.”

“I can’t.”

“Come on,” he tries while getting onto his side. She hesitantly rolls on her side too, pressing her back against his chest. He sets his arm loosely on her hip, holding her hand, and pushes his nose into her soft hair. A strand of it gets stuck to his lip, but he doesn’t move.

“Have fun sleeping,” she comments bitterly. He closes his eyes, still playing in her hair with his nose, and responds, “You too.”

Maybe he'll ask about her dream in the morning.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading my fluffiness. Kudos and comments brighten my day!